

Spill

Cultfever

I wish I knew you when I was a kid.
How can my heart sleep? Your place is missing.
I could go back and uncover your lid.
What if its breaking? Can we awaken?And its waking me up. I felt the hum and its waking me up.A skip like a
double dutch.
A crack when the fictions lost.
A fourth time around the block.
I was misplaced and Im making a spill.The rebels blew through the walls where we live.
They stole my heartbeat -- that thieving stampede.
I swear I choked when they bartered to give
It back for my mind, a childs night time.And its waking me up. I felt the hum and its waking me upWhen I was
younger if I left it in the place Im from could we go back there?
After all the swimmers have come and all the wells dry up would you come back for me,
Ccould we go back there?I saw yellow, called it gold,
And the sky and cream.
I saw streets Ill never know
The smell of orange trees.
Watched your blazing city fold
From a foreign screen.
Ran from days Ill try to hold
The words you sang to me.Oh what a dream.

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